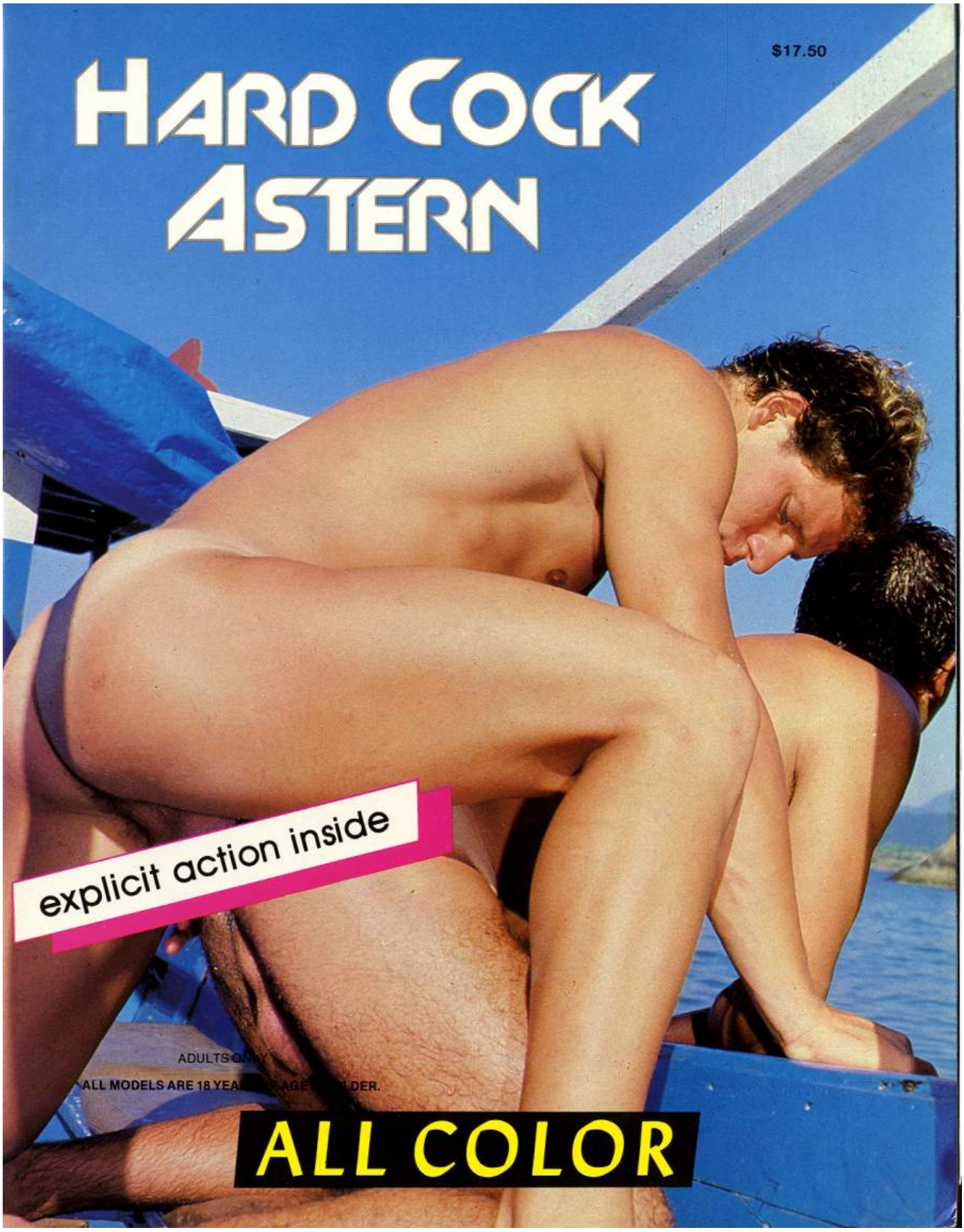
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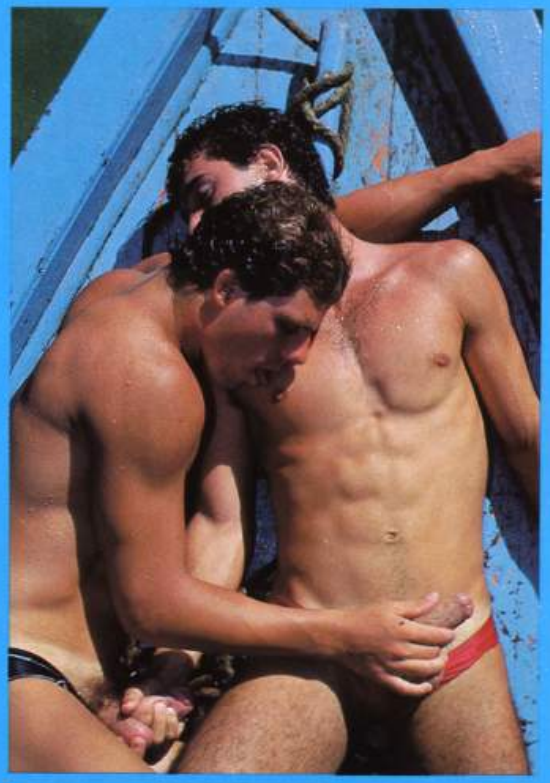
HARD COCK ASTERN
explicit action inside
ADULTS ONLY
ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEA AGE OR OLDER.
ALL COLOR

HARD COCK

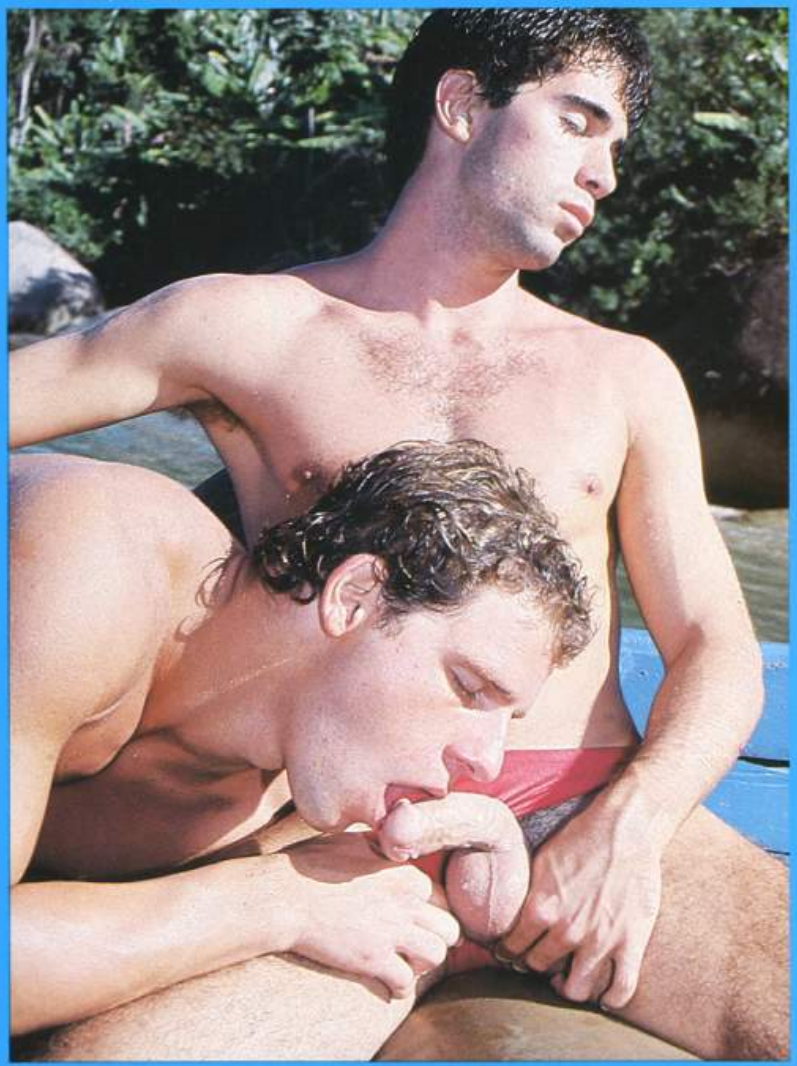
This book has some of the most gorgeous photos we've gotten ahold of in a long time with two of the best looking men we have seen, in their American debut—Mark Tracker and Roger Hilt. We have left little to the imagination in our photo coverage, but we thought we would cook up a likely beginning for this steamy romance. So, what follows are the events of the first few days when Mark and Roger met and how they got to know each other.

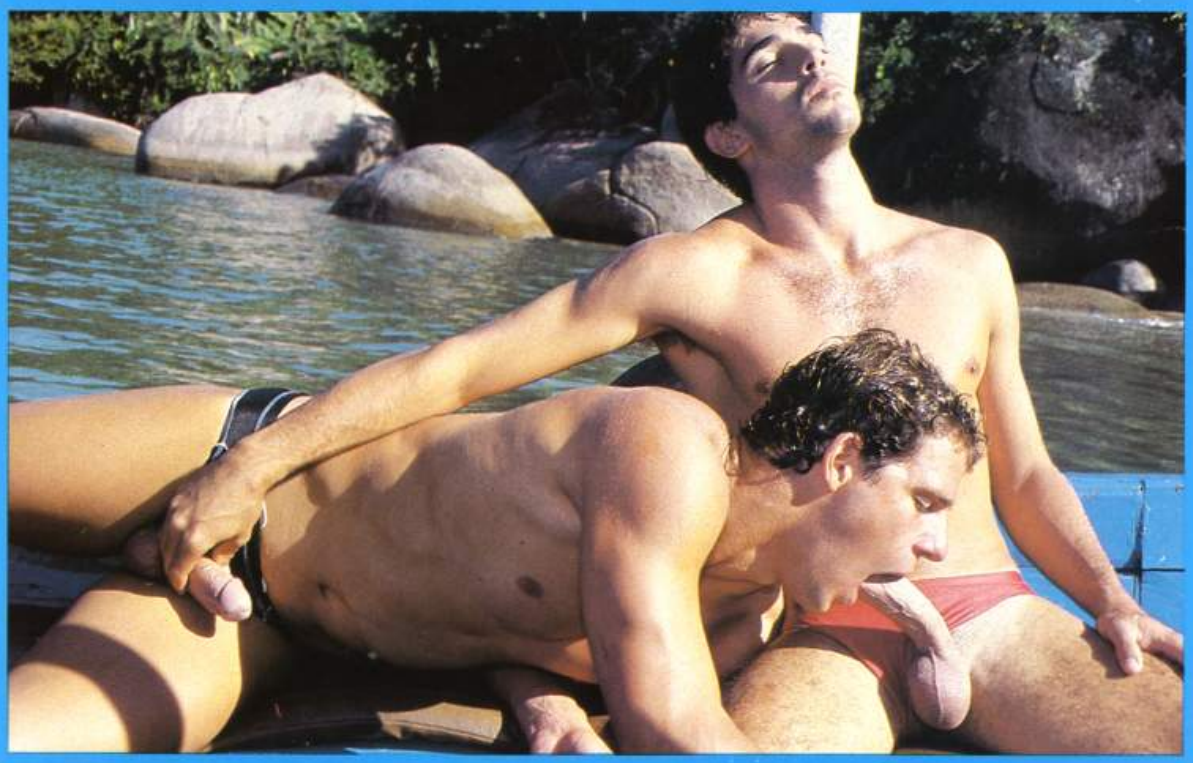
ASTERN



It was now solidly into night. A few hours past sunset, with stars speckling the black, moonless sky. The lake lapped at the dock in a slow gumming of the foundations which, it was obvious, would eventually consume this intrusion into its domain by the presumptious air-breathers.

Roger always found himself wondering what was going on underneath the surface of the water whenever he stared for long into the dark lake, but the job of imagining, while always





seductive, always became too difficult and he abandoned it. The same questions about life beneath the surface had always made swimming or dangling his toes in the water seem unsafe. A quietly frantic tickle of unrest would sprout directly over his diaphragm and leave only when he left the water. Roger always wondered if this was sissy, or something. He was enough concerned to purposely brave his fear several times each season.

Roger's hair had fallen into the sculpted pattern of black waviness that it always assumed

when he was in and out of the water a lot. He was aware of the becoming effect and would casually run his fingers through his hair to enhance the look, always concerned of sorting it out too much. He sat on the dock with his pair of canvas Adidas clad feet dangling a safe 18 inches above the rhythmic rise and fall of the water. A lighter edging of skin rimmed the no longer painful sunburn obtained in these same shoes. A pair of full cut black nylon running shorts and a white tank top undershirt set off his now bronzed, but usually olive skin. In the deepening

night the contrast was heightened and his tank almost seemed to float by itself, suspended a bit above the weathered planks.

It was this beacon that attracted Mark. Finding Roger alone again was always a temptation, although not particularly difficult to come upon. Both Mark and Roger were at awkward ages—in their early twenties. Old enough to be their own masters, but consciously constrained by the conventions of their parents' world while at the lake. Both were spending several weeks at the lake at their parents' houses. Both's parents were also at the lake. Their parents had known each other through business contacts, but Roger and Mark had never met, Roger's family having only recently bought their house and Roger's visits having been

infrequent. They had been introduced the other day at the boat club. They would have been literally thrown together if a few years younger as natural "buddies," but their, at least chronological, approach to maturity made their parents hesitant to make those assumptions for them any longer.

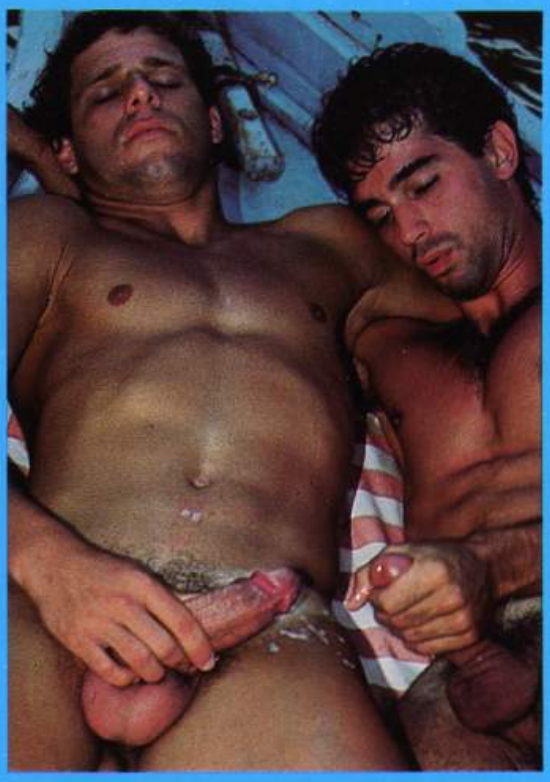
Mark wasn't sure if he had gotten the response from Roger at that introduction that he knew he wanted or if it had been his own wishful thinking. He had been imme-

diately attracted to Roger's classic face and obviously fit build, but they were at the club and with their parents (for god's sake) and his own signaling had been limited to an increased heart rate and an extra broad smile (not too broad) and very bright eyes.

Roger's response had not been quite that flashy, but Mark had been sure that those intensely dark eyes had narrowed slightly into a quickly questioning focus of sexuality. He didn't know that Roger had been equally thrilled by Mark's healthy brown ringlets,

now slightly sun-bleached, his glowing complexion and gleaming green eyes. He didn't know that Roger's meeting his good-natured enthusiasm without retreat was about as close to a forward response as Roger ever allowed himself in this sort of situation, even with the attraction of Mark's beefy, but defined, build under the obligatory Polo. Conversation had waned quickly and the two had been separated by previous dates for water skiing with their respective families.

They had come upon each other in several other situations, but always with a gallery of onlookers, some of whom seemed to be actually aware of the two and casually interested in the progress of their friendship. Such are the diversions of small clubs and small resorts. They were still on guard.



Roger's head jerked up from his private reverie at the approaching footfalls. His senses quickly told him it was Mark even before he could accurately see any real details in the shape. The height and shape had been enough. Roger was never comfortable getting to know a new possible friend that he was physically attracted to, even in the "safe" environment of the gay bars he managed to get to. He felt the familiar tension and apprehension welling up inside.

Was this guy really cruising him? Could he risk letting him know that he was attracted? The one thing that his parents always requested was that he keep himself uninvolved when at the lake, to avoid "embarrassment." They knew he was gay, but that was as far as they saw that going. For a reason that Roger had never analyzed he tried to respect their wishes. To a point.

"Hi," from Mark.

It came out a little strangled and too high pitched and Mark quickly cleared his throat and tried it again in a more usual range.

A quick smile which flashed brightly against the dark skin in the dark night greeted the bobbled opening and an echoing "Hi," escaped Roger's lips hard on the heels of Mark's second try. This brought mild, gentle laughs from both of them which provided enough space for Mark to drop to the planks next to Roger.

"Whatcha doin'?" began Mark.

"Nothin'." was the mutually predicted response from Roger, quickly qualified by "Just watchin' the water."

A few beats. Mark's leg was only a few inches from Roger's and he began to dangle his feet above the water, which flexed his thighs and brought him even closer to contact with Roger's own bare thighs. "It never stops moving, does it? Even if it's real gentle like right now. It never stops," offered Mark.

"I think that's kind of nice sometimes and sometimes I think it's rather frightening." Roger followed that with a self-conscious chuckle.

They sat for a few minutes more, the barest suggestion of a breeze passed mild currents of still warm air between them. The lake had become a blotter absorbing the last heat from the air and drawing them both into a still eddy of space and time. Against this peaceful inertia Mark found the next very difficult.

"You have a boat?"

"Just the family ski boat. Dad usually uses that. Why?"

"I thought we could do something tomorrow. My dad bought this real weird boat from some hippies living at the Marina

at the other end of the lake. He says he got it for fishing, but now he uses the speedboat for everything. It's sort of an oversized row boat with an outboard and a sail and a sort of lean-to cabin. It won't go fast, but it's good for swimming off of and stuff." He tried not to trail the last too obviously but Mark hoped the bait wouldn't go unnoticed.

Roger was partly stunned by this sudden, well thought-out overture. He leaned back on his arms and looked up at Mark with the beginnings of a smile and finally said,

"Sure, what time?"

"Uh, well, I think we should get out on the lake before it gets too hot, don't you? Let's try 9:30?"

"Fine."

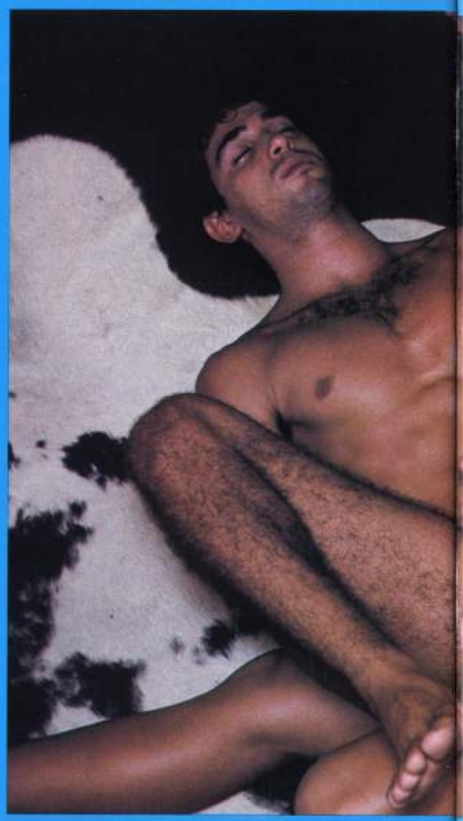
"Our place?"

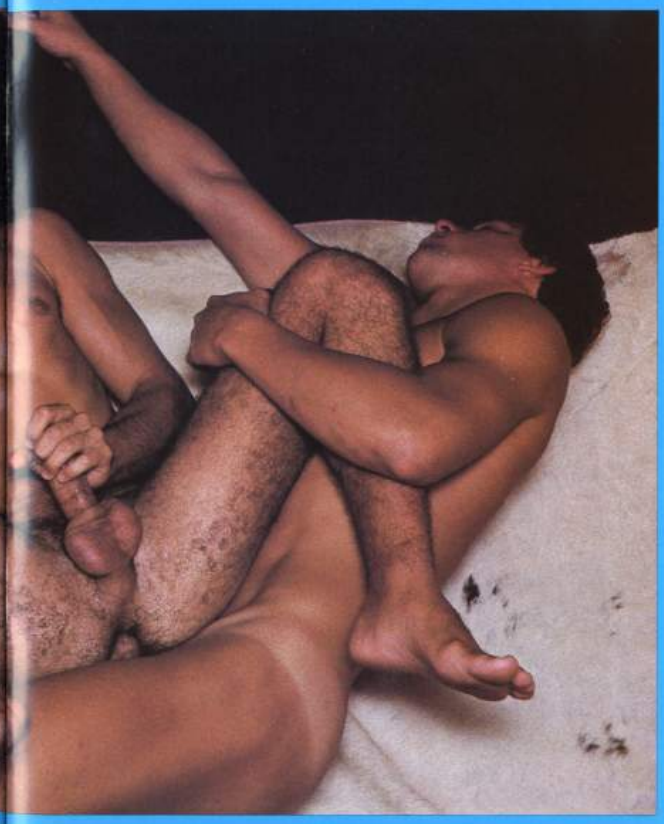
"Fine."

Mark was sure that he could feel Roger actually glowing.

Roger was sure that Mark was really nervous. He found that appealing and sexy.

It was stupid! Roger was furious with himself as he repacked a small gym bag for the third time. Why couldn't





he do something this basic right the first time?

He knew it was because he was nervous and that made him angry because he was getting old enough to know that expectations are the best way to get disappointed and he was tired of being disappointed. Still, something that was a mixture of Boy Scout preparedness and just plain fussiness

had him changing the contents of the bag again. In the end he opted for preparedness and left in the sun tan oil, cock ring, poppers, extra shorts, sunscreen, church key and knife. After all, there was no reason for Mark to go pawing through the bag uninvited and it wasn't a very big bag.

He got to the boat on time. Their mutually excited greetings were quickly stifled by the business of getting the craft underway and out of the small cove. There was no wind for the sail and the outboard chugged along at a lazy pace. They were soon in a quiet inlet which had a soft beach and ashore they could see a deserted hut. This end of the lake had no road within several miles. The wide expanse of lake behind them provided a visual warning track of protection from other nosy boaters.

Roger wasn't surprised and was a little relieved when he finally felt Mark's hand on his waist. They lay in the prow of the boat and began their own sexual odyssey which is recorded for you here.

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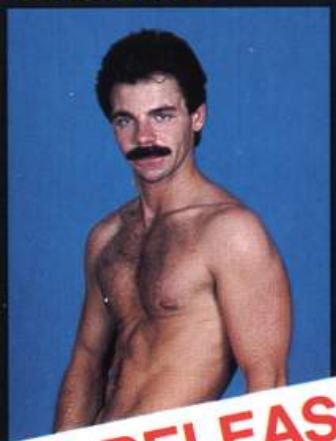

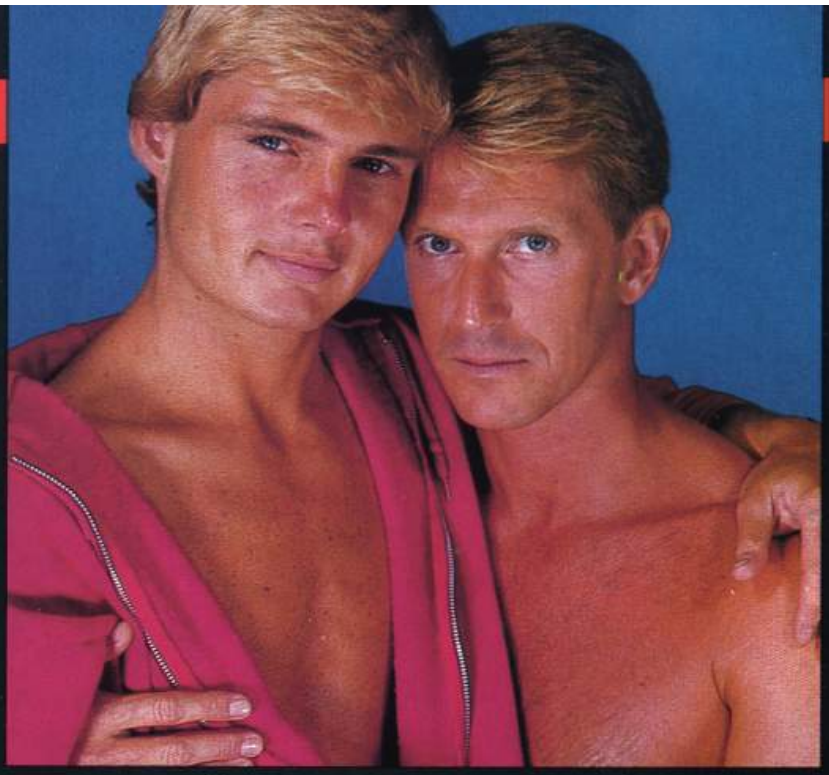

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